

## Reflections

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Summary: One-shot. Reflections about the end of the war by Hood.

## Reflections

**\*\*Author Notes:\*\*** Well, my first attempt at a one-shot.

Please do tell what you think, does it properly convey what it's trying to convey? Or is it just rubbish?

\* \* \*

><p>It had lasted 26 long years. But finally, the war was over.<p>

Hood stood among a mass of stones. His hands behind his back, and with a sad look on his face as he gazed at the tombstones. Under every single one, lay somebody who had lost their life in the war.

Under every single one, lay shattered dreams,

Under every single one, lay the crushed hopes of a generation. The hopes of a bright future. The hopes of returning home. But these poor souls would never be able to go home. Their life taken from them by aliens. Aliens who should be exterminated for what they've done. The board held that opinion, and Hood agreed with them, but he was a pragmatist.

Humanity's empire lay in shambles, and so did its economy. The UEG did not exist anymore. The UNSC had imposed a military dictatorship in its place. It would take a long time to recover, and they couldn't afford going to war again.

As he gazed over the stone-filled fields, the craving for revenge

grew ever stronger. These were all men and women who had had a future to look forward to, and dreams to fulfil. Now, they lay six feet underground, with charred and rotting bodies. Their dreams crushed. Their future, no more.

But they were lucky, Hood thought. They did not have to care about what happens after the war. They did not have to be burdened by the reconstruction, and they did not have to watch their world devastated.

They were lucky. He was not.

The sun began to descend, slowly disappearing behind the horizon. Its last gleaming rays for the day casting mourning beams of light over the graveyard. Hood stood there for another hour. When he turned to leave, it was already dark. The shadows engulfed the field. Darkness descended upon the graveyard. Darkness descended upon the pathway that Hood treaded on.

The darkness seemed absolute, yet easily penetrable. In a way, it reflected humanity's situation. Humanity can recover, even if it may seem hard. However, the question to Hood was if the UNSC will continued its dark descent, or if it will pierce the darkness and save itself - and therefore also humanity " from destruction.

End  
file.